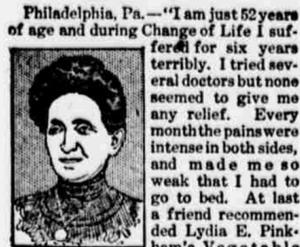


MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 years of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six years terribly. I tried several doctors but none seemed to give me any relief. Every month the pains were intense in both sides, and made me so weak that I had to go to bed. At last a friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me, and shall always recommend it as a woman's friend. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way."—Mrs. THOMSON, 649 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

MODERN WAR IS MERCIFUL

Under Existing Conditions the Wounded Are Given a Fair Chance to Recover to Health. A general impression is that with powerful weapons of great precision greater loss of life and greater pain are caused. That view is almost certainly inaccurate. The modern bullet, says the Scoteman, unless it is of the soft-nosed type, is on the whole merciful, and either kills outright or gives its victim a fair chance of recovery. It does not, as a rule, mutilate.

The ambulance corps was practically unknown 60 years ago, and not only is aid brought more rapidly to the wounded, but it is far more effective than in the pre-Lister days. Rapidity of conveyance has increased beyond all comparison. In the present war it is true to say that in many cases men have been lying in a British hospital within 24 hours of receiving their wounds. If the risk of being hit is greater, the chances of recovery from injury have been immensely increased.

Sure. "All the world's a stage," quoted the sage. "Yes," replied the fool, "but it lacks an asbestos drop curtain."

Self-Satisfaction Explained. He—I like simple things best. She—I've noticed how self-satisfied you are.

A maid of twenty tries to act like a widow of forty, a widow of forty tries to act like a maid of twenty—and there you are.

Self-conceit is a good asset. A man can't hope to be popular with his friends unless he is popular with himself.

Tone Up!

Not Drugs—Food Does It

—wholesome, appetizing food that puts life and vigor into one, but doesn't clog the system.

Such a food is

Grape-Nuts

The entire nutrition of wheat and barley, including the vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc.—

Long baked, easily digested, ready to eat; an ideal food with cream or milk, and fine in many combinations.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSLUND

Author of "The Story of Sarah" "The Ship of Dreams" Etc.

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The "Hardening" Process. The life-saving station was very still. Nos. 3 and 5 had gone out on the eight-o'clock patrol. The seventh man was taking his twenty-four hours off at his home on the shore. The keeper was working over his report in the office. The other members of the crew were upstairs asleep, and Abe and Samuel were bearing each other company in the messroom.

Abe lay asleep on the carpet-covered sofa which had been dragged out of the captain's room for him, so that the old man need not spend the night in the cold sleeping-loft above. He was fully dressed except for his boots; for he was determined to conform to the rules of the service, and sleep with his clothes on ready for instant duty.

"Talk erbout him a-dyin'!" growled Samuel to himself, lounging wearily in a chair beside the stove. "He's jest startin' his life. He's a reg'lar hoss. I didn't think he had it in him."

Samuel's tone was resentful. He was a little jealous of the distinction which had been made between him and Abe; and drawing closer to the fire, he shivered in growing distaste for the cot assigned to him with the crew upstairs, where the white frost lay on the window latches.

What uncomfortable chairs they had in this station! Samuel listened to the moaning of the breakers, to the wind rattling at the casements—and wondered if Blossy had missed him. About this time she must be sitting in her chintz-covered rocker, combing out the ringlets of her golden-white hair in the cheery freight.

Now, that would be a sight worth seeing! Abe opened his mouth and began to snore. What disgusting, hideous creatures men were, reflected Samuel. Six months' living with an unusually high-bred woman had insensibly raised his standards.

Why should he spend a week of his ever-shortening life with such inferior beings, just for Abraham's sake—for Abraham's sake, and to bear out a theory of his own, which he had already concluded a mistake?

Abe gave a snort, opened his eyes, and muttered sleepily: "This is what I call a A No. 1 spree. Naow, tomorrow—" But mumbled incoherently he relapsed into slumber, puffing his lips out into a whistling sound.

Samuel reached for a newspaper on the table, folded it into a missile, and started to fling it into the innocent face of the sleeper. But fortunately for Abraham, it was Captain Darby's custom to count ten whenever seized by an exasperated impulse, and at the ninth number he regretfully dropped the paper.

Then he began to count in another way. Using the forefinger of his right hand as a marker, he counted under his breath, "one" on his left thumb, then after a frowning interval, "two" on his left forefinger, "three" on the middle digit, and so on, giving time for thought to each number, until he had exhausted the fingers of his left hand and was ready to start on the right.

Count, count, went on Samuel, until three five was passed, and he began to be confused.

Once more Abe awoke, and inquired if the other were trying to reckon the number of new wigwags and signals which the service had acquired since they had worked for the government; but on being sharply told to "Shut up!" went to sleep again.

What the projector of the trip was really trying to recall was how many times that day he had regretted saving Abe from the devastating clutches of the old ladies.

"Him need hardenin'?" muttered Samuel blackly. "Why, he's harder now 'n nails an' hardtack!"

Again he ran over on his fingers the list of high crimes and misdemeanors of which Abe had been guilty. First—thumb, left hand—Abe had insisted on extending their scooter sail until he, Samuel, had felt his toes freezing in his boots.

Second—forefinger, left hand—on being welcomed by the entire force at Blank Hill and asked how long they expected to stay, Abe had blurted out, "A hull week," explaining that Samuel's rule requiring at least seven days of exile from his wife every six months barred them from returning in less time.

The keeper was a widower, all the other men were bachelors. How could they be expected to understand? They burst into a guffaw of laughter, and Abe, not even conscious that he had betrayed a sacred confidence, sputtered and laughed with the rest.

Samuel had half a mind to return tomorrow, "jest to spite 'em." Let's see, how many days of this plagued week were left? Six. Six whole

twenty-four hours away from Blossy and his snug, warm, comfortable nest.

She wasn't used to keepin' house by herself, neither. Would she remember to wind the clock on Thursday, and feed the canary, and water the abutilon and begonias reg'lar?

Grimly Samuel took up offense No. 3. Abraham had further told the men that he had been brought over here for a hardening process; but he was willing to bet that if Samuel could keep up with him, he could keep up with Samuel.

Then followed offense on offense. Was Samuel to be outdone on his own one-time field of action by his old ladies' darling? No!

When Abe sat for a half-hour in the lookout, up in the freezing, cold cupola, and did duty "jest to be smart," Samuel sat there on top of his own feet, too.

When Abe helped drag out the apparatus cart over the heavy sands for the drilling, Samuel helped, too. And how tugging at that rope brought back his lumbago!

When Abe rode in the breeches-buoy, Samuel insisted on playing the sole survivor of a shipwreck, too, and went climbing stiffly and lumberingly up the practise mast.

Abraham refused to take a nap after dinner; so did Samuel. Abe went down to the outdoor carpenter shop in the grove and planned a board just for the love of exertion. Samuel planned two boards and drove a nail.

"We've got two schoolboys with us," said the keeper and the crew. "Ef I'd a-knowed that yew had more lives 'n my Maltese cat," Samuel was muttering over Abe by this time, "I'd—"

Count, count went Captain Darby's fingers. He heard the keeper rattling papers in the office just across the threshold, heard him say he was about to turn in, and guessed Samuel had better do likewise; but Samuel kept on counting.

Count, count, went the arraigning fingers. Gradually he grew drowsy, but still he went over and over poor Abe's offenses, counting on until of a sudden he realized that he was no longer numbering the sins of his companion; he was measuring in minutes the time he must spend away from Blossy and Twin Coves, and the begonias and the canary and the cat.

What would Blossy say if she could feel the temperature of the room in which he was supposed to sleep? What would Blossy say if she knew how his back ached? Whatever would Blossy do to Abe Rose if she could suspect how he had tuckered out her "old man"?

"He's a reg'lar hoss," brooded Samuel. "Oh, my feet!" grabbing at his right boot. "I'll bet yer all I got it's them air chilblains. That's what," he added, unconsciously speaking aloud.

Abe's lids slowly lifted. He rubbed his eyes and yawned. He turned his head on his hard, blue gingham-covered pillow, and stared sleepily at the other.

"Yew been noddin', Sam? Ain't gittin' sleepy a'ready, are yer?" He glanced at the clock. "Why, it's only half-past nine. Say, what's the matter with me an' yew goin' west ter meet No. 5? Leetle breath o' fresh air'll make us sleep splendid."

He started up from the couch, but dropped back, too heavy with weariness to carry off his bravado. Samuel, however, not noticing the discrepancy between speech and action, was already at the door leading upstairs.

"Yew don't drag me out o' this station tonight, Abe Rose. Yew're a reg'lar hoss; that's what yew be. A reg'lar hoss! A reg'lar 'n reg'lar—"

He flung open the door and went trudging as fast as his smarting feet could carry him up the steep and narrow steps, wherein the passing of other feet for many years had worn little hollows on either side.

Abraham limped from the couch to the door himself, and called after him: "Sam'l, don't yew want tew sleep by the fire? Yew seem a leetle softer than I be. Let me come upstairs."

There was no answer beyond the vicious slamming of Samuel's boots upon the floor above.

Abe raised his voice again, and now came in answer a roar of wrath from the cot next to Samuel's.

"Go to bed!" shouted No. 6, a burly, red-headed Irishman. "Go to bed wid yew! Th' young folks do be nadin' a little schlap!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"A Reg'lar Hoss."

Abe flung himself back on his hard couch, drew the thick, gray blanket over him, and straightway fell into a deep, childlike slumber from which he was aroused by the rough but hearty inquiry:

"Say, Cap, like to have some oyster stew and a cup of coffee?"

Abe sat up, rubbing his eyes, wondering since when they had begun to serve oyster stew for breakfast on the beach; then he realized that he had not overslept, and that it was not morning.

The clock was striking twelve, the midnight patrol was just going out, and the returning "runners" were bidding him partake of the food they had just prepared to cheer them after their cold tramp along the surf.

The old man whiffed the smell of the coffee, tempted, yet withheld by the thought of Angy's horror, and the horror of the twenty-nine sisters.

"Cap'n Abe"—Clarence Havens, No. 5, with a big iron spoon in his hand and a blue gingham apron tied around his bronzed neck, put him on his mettle, however—"Cap'n Abe, I tell yew, we wouldn't have waked no other fellow of your age out of a sound sleep. Cap'n Darby, he could snooze till doomsday; but we knowed you

wouldn't want to miss no fun a-going."

"Cap'n Sam'l does show his years," Abe admitted. "Much obliged fer yew a-wakin' me up, boys," as he drew on his boots. "I was dreamin' I was hungry. Law, I wish I had a dollar apiece for all the eyster stew I've et on this here table 'twixt sunset an' sunrise."

Under the stimulus of the unaccustomed repeat Abe expanded and began to tell yarns of the old days on the beach—the good old days. His cheeks grew red, his eyes sparkled. He smoked and leaned back from the table, and ate and drank, smoked and ate again.

"A week amongst yew boys," he asserted gaily, "is a-goin' tew be the makin' of me. Haow Sam'l kin waste so much time in sleep I can't understand."

"I don't think he is asleep," said No. 3. "When I was upstairs jest now fer my slippers, I heard him kind o' snuffin' inter his pillow."

The laugh which followed brought the keeper out of his office in his carpet slippers, a patchwork quilt over his shoulders. His quick eyes took in the scene—the lamp sputtering above the table, the empty dishes, the two members of the crew sleepily jocular, with their blue flannel elbows spread over the board, the old man's rumped bed, and his brilliant cheeks and bright eyes.

"Boys, you shouldn't have woke up Cap'n Rose," he said reprovingly. "I'm afraid, sir," turning to Abraham, "that you find our manners pretty rough after your life among the old ladies."

Abe dropped his eyes in confusion. Was he never to be rid of those apron strings?

"Well, there's worse things than good women," proceeded the captain. "I wish we had a few over here." He sighed with the quiet, dull manner of the men who have lived long on the beach. "Since they made the rule that the men must eat and sleep in the station it's been pretty lonely. That's why there's so many young fellows in the service nowadays; married men with families won't take the job."

"Them empty cottages out thar," admitted Abe, pointing to the window, "does look kind o' lonesome a-goin' ter rack an' ruin. Why, the winter I was over here every man had his wife an' young 'uns on the beach, 'cept me an' Sam'l."

Again the keeper sighed, and drew his coverlid closer. "Now, it's just men, men, nothing but men. Not a petticoat in five miles; and I tell you, sometimes we get mad looking at one another, don't we, boys?"

The two young men had sobered, and their faces also had taken on that look engendered by a life of dull routine among sand hills at the edge of a lonely sea, with seldom the sound of a woman's voice in their ears or the prattle of little children.

"For two months last winter nobody came near us," said Havens, "and we couldn't get off ourselves, either, half the time. The bay broke up into porridge-ice after that big storm around New Year's; yew dassn't risk a scooter on it or a catboat. Feels to me," he added, as he rose to his feet, "as if it was blowin' up a genuine old nor'-easter again."

The other man helped him clear the table. "I'm goin' to get married in June," he said suddenly, "and give up this here blamed service."

"A wife," pronounced Abe, carrying his own dishes into the kitchen, "is dreftful handy, onct yew git used to her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Personalities in Court.

Counsel used to insult one another pretty freely in court. Mr. J. A. Foote, K. C., who was called to the bar in 1875, writes in "Pie Powder":

"It is not the custom for leading advocates of the present day to quarrel, except occasionally with the judge or during the luncheon interval; but it has not always been so; and things have been said in public, even by men of acknowledged position, which appear almost incredible when written down.

"I remember, for example, a Board of Trade inquiry, where the leader on one side interrupted his opponent by declaring that his nerves would not allow him to remain in court unless his learned friend moderated his strident voice. The strident one replied that he would endeavor to do so if his friend would turn away his ugly mug. Both criticisms were perfectly just."

It is sometimes a question whether or not a child should be assisted in the preparation of his lessons for the next day. Good pedagogy declares that the child develops most quickly who is stimulated by a problem that challenges his ability, one that is not too easy, one that is not too hard. If it is the former, he is not interested; whereas, if it is the latter, he is discouraged. It may be taken, as a general rule, that it is better not to help a child until he has gotten discouraged and then rather to help him to help himself, to guide him and let him go the rest of the way himself.

A backward child, of course, needs more assistance than a bright child, but with him more care is required in developing self-reliance; his tendency is to become more dependent and his need of initiative is greater.

Getting Him the Other Way.

Her Father—You have been paying attentions to my daughter. You haven't proposed yet?

His Lordship—Not yet, sir. Her Father—Now let us come right down to business. What will you take not to propose?

WINCHESTER Self-Loading Shotgun 12 GAUGE, 5 SHOTS. The recoil reloads this gun. You simply pull the trigger for each shot. This new gun is safe, strong and simple. It has all the good points of other recoil-operated shotguns, and many improvements besides. Among them are Nickel steel construction and a reloading system that requires no change for different loads. It's the Fowling Gun Par Excellence.

Watch Your Colts. For Coughs, Colds and Distemper, and at the first symptoms of any such ailment, give small doses of that wonderful remedy, now the most used in existence. SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 the dozen of any druggist, harness dealer, or delivered by mail from SPOHN'S MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

NO GREAT DEMAND FOR BOYS

Male Children a Poor Second With Those Who Would Become Foster Parents. "The French are receiving in their homes refugees from Belgium and northern France. The Germans are doing the same as regards the refugees from oriental Prussia."

The speaker was a returned tourist. He went on: "Many French and German households have neither room enough nor means enough to take in a whole family. They must confine themselves to one child. Well, they invariably bid then for a little girl. They never want a boy."

"I have seen in my travels several hundred of these offers to take in children—and every blessed offer was for girls. What is the cause of this? The cause must evidently be that girls are better behaved, more amiable and nicer all around than boys."

"The war, besides teaching me geography, has taught me that female children stand miles higher in popular esteem than male children. What's the trouble with us males? We'd better look to ourselves."

NEARLY CRAZY WITH ECZEMA

354 Plum St., Youngstown, Ohio.—"Blotches like ringworms started to come out all over my face and neck. Later it took the form of white flakes and when I would rub them came off in little white scales. The eczema so disfigured me that I was ashamed to go out anywhere. It itched all the time and whenever I perspired or got my face the least bit wet, it would burn until I very nearly went crazy. The more I rubbed or scratched the more it spread and it made me so restless I could not sleep at night."

"One day a friend prevailed upon me to get a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They caused the itching to stop instantly and in a very few days my face and neck began to show a marked improvement. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my face and neck are completely cured." (Signed) Newton D. W. Chapman, Feb. 27, 1914. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

An Emotionalist. "So you're hanging around broke again?" said the policeman. "Yes," answered Bill the Burglar. "I haven't a cent. I broke into a house night before last and the poor mark of a taxpayer told me such a hard luck story that he had me sheddin' tears an' lendin' him my last cent."

One Fellow's Wish. Crawford—I hear he thinks of marrying again. Does he hope to get a wife like his first? Crabshaw—No; different.

Money for Christmas. Selling guaranteed wear-proof hostery to friends & neighbors. Big Xmas business. Wear-Proof Mills, 3200 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

The more a man makes love to a woman the more she admires another man to whom she has to make love. A widower never invests in a guttur for the purpose of serenading a spinster. He begins right where he left off at the end of his first courtship.

Boils, Biliousness, Malaria, Constipation. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps this case may be similar to yours. J. Wesley Tilly of (Box 673), Selma, Cal., writes: "Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure to be able to send you a testimonial, if by its recital some sufferer your medicines will do as much for him as they have for me. At the age of fourteen I was troubled a great deal with malaria and biliousness, accompanied with the worst sort of large boils. I was persuaded by my parents, who have always been strong believers in Dr. Pierce's remedies, to try the Golden Medical Discovery. I took one bottle and the boils all disappeared, but I did not stop at one bottle, I took three and the malaria all left me and I have had no more boils to this day, thanks to the Golden Medical Discovery for my relief."

Following an operation for appendicitis two years ago I was troubled very much with constipation and I have been trying Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets and they have rid me of the troublesome ailment and have aided me in conquering the whole trouble, than a sign for the "Pellets" and for the advice I have obtained from The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Send only 21 cents for this 100 page book.

Are You Troubled? Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. for over forty years has been lending its aid to just such cases as this. In our possession we have thousands of testimonials of like character. Perhaps you are skeptical, but isn't it worth at least a trial in view of such strong testimony? Isn't it reasonable to suppose that if it has done so much for others it can do as much for you? Your druggist will supply you in liquid or tablet form, or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Army of Constipation. Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

ABSORBINE. Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain; Stops Spavin Lameness. Always pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse, \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Book 1 K free. ABSORBINE, J.R., the antiseptic liniment for mankind. For Synovitis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic deposits, Swollen, Painful Varicose Veins. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Manufactured only by W.F. YOUNG, P. O. 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

BLACK LEG. Losses surely prevented by Cuticura's Bleeding Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable; prepared by Western stockmen, because they prevent worse after passing field. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-cent pills, Bleeding Pills \$1.00. 50-cent pills, Bleeding Pills \$3.00. The best injector, but Cuticura's is superior in its use and results only. Get at Cuticura, 12 months' supply. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

Petitt's BEST FOR EYE SALVE. EYE ACHE, SALVE.

PATENTS. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Nebraska Directory. THE PAXTON HOTEL. Omaha, Nebraska. EUROPEAN PLAN. Rooms from \$1.00 up single, to double. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE. W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 44-1914.